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Above all, superintendents must be alert and wide-awake; they must keep in touch with each department through personal supervision and written reports from those in charge; they must gain the confidence of their helpers and let them feel that they can come to them with their problems and meet with cheerful and ready response. Our work is a great and responsible one. It is not enough that we satisfy an ignorant public, or employers who do not care, so long as the revenue derived is satisfactory; our conscience should be our guide.

To you who now have charge of hospitals, and to you young nurses who in the future expect to have, let me say that these problems are distinctly "up to you," and when you realize this fact it will be one forward step toward the standardization of hospitals and training schools.

THE BIRTHDAY OF A CHILD

BY LOUELLA PURCELL, R.N.

St. Louis, Missouri

Who was the Christ Child, Mother,
And why was he born so low?
Why did he lie in a manger
Where only the horses go?

The child of a King you told me,
Then why on that cold, cold night
Was he born in a lowly manger,
With only the stars for light?

The little eyes were anxious
And the brow was troubled, too,
As he asked me to tell the story,
So old, yet ever new.

The story of why our Saviour
Came down in that humble way,
A frail little babe in a manger,
One long ago Christmas Day.

He listened and learned of the Christ Child,
A baby so meek and mild,
Of why we sing praises on Christmas,
The birthday of one little child.